

Shattered by 1nerd

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Summary:

After the start of the war in Iran Steve's parents decide they don't want him at home anymore, so Steve makes a drastic decision not thinking at the time of how it will affect his friends

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Listen, I'm just a kid, a bored-out-of-my-mind-kid, I have no friends, I live in the middle of NOWHERE, and my siblings are bugging me, so I wrote this, this-ugly-gross-disgusting-disappointing-piece-of-crap-story, PLEASE DONT JUDGE!! WHEN YOU DECIDE YOU HATE IT JUST DOMT BE MEAN

My fragile, fragile, almost-nonexistent-self esteem can't take it! ☹️

Okay, I'm mainly joking about that, but, still

Steve's

POV

“Okay, remember every one stay safe and please do all you can to aid in the war-“ Mr. Putnick was saying but I stopped listening after the fifth time he said this speech, it's Friday and today marks the one year anniversary of the war starting in Iran. It's also my 18th birthday, but not that I've told anyone and my parents don't care except to lessen my chores (only a little), but it means I can get drafted, and not that I don't want to help in the war anyway I can its just that I had plans for after high school. Such as leaving this deadbeat town and going to college, maybe might a girl and settle down, well, one can hope! Anyways, mr putnick just finished his speech and finally the bells gonna ring! -RRRRIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGGG- “Okay kids, remember 15 pages on Ancient languages! And make sure you—“ “Yeah, yeah!! Stay safe and do all you can to help in the war” said billy sarcastically, his family is rich so he doesn't have to worry about being drafted. “Yes billy, you are correct” mr putnick said glaring at him. “I am so done with all the drama” I thought as I put my books and pencils away to leave. I grab my bag and head out to the hall to get my keys and stuff from my locker, as I walk I keep my head down hoping billy and his gang won't notice me, I really don't want to have to lie again about the bruises to my dad, he would hate me more if he thought I couldn't fight back against a bully. Well, just my luck, right next to my locker sits billy and his gang. His gang consists of, Tom who's a huge jock and mainly just there for intimidating kids, and

Jim who has a rich dad who owns a car dealership and let's them drive the cars daily and lastly Alex his aunt and uncle own the arcade so they get to play and eat pizza for free. They're sitting and waiting for me, most likely to have fun beating and stealing my money, like any of them need it. I sigh in resignation, it's easier not to fight or talk back and hope they're tired so maybe I can get away with minimal bruises and cuts, and walk towards them. "Well, look who it is! Stevie boy! I was wondering if you tried to go out the back and, well, I hope you don't want a repeat of last week" Billy said smirking. "Well, let's get the show on the road" he said and grabbed my arm to lead me to the door and to the parking lot. —————ten minutes later————— "Ughh" I groan as another punch lands on the side of my rib cage, Billy and Tom have been hitting me for about ten minutes and I hope they're almost done cause I have to be home soon. Just as Tom is about to punch my nose a slightly cracking voice with a lisp yells out "HEY!" Everyone turns except me cause I'm about to try and run now that Billy has a new victim. "Well now, are you lost squirt?" Billy said and the nickname came out sour. I turn now slightly curious who my savior is, and I see a small kid probably only 13 or 14 with curly brown hair and a shirt with Star Wars on it. "Oh no" I think, this kid has no idea who he's messing with, Billy has been known to even use knives when angry enough. "No and leave him alone!" The kid yells looking kinda angry but mainly nervous. "Wow kid, you want me to take you instead of Stevie boy here?" Billy jeers looking somewhat amused and annoyed at the same time. I try to shake my head a little to tell the kid to leave while he still can, but he just keeps glaring at Billy. "Just leave him alone!" He yells again. "What's your name kid?" Tom asks looking at the kid like a dog with a juicy steak. "Dustin" the kid says. "Well, Dustin, I guess you volunteer? Very brave! Very very brave, hah!" Billy says stepping towards Dustin menacingly rubbing his hands together eagerly. "Hey, come on Billy! He's just a kid! Come on, get me Billy!" I say and when he doesn't move back towards me I raise a fist to swing at him. Tom and Alex grab me before I can hit him though, saying "too late Steve-o, Dustin here wants to volunteer" Billy lands a hard punch on Dustin's stomach, making him double over gasping. "Billy!!! Come on Billy get me you douche bag!!" I yell hoping to spare the young kid anymore pain, but he just ignores me and Alex and Tom hold me tighter. Jim joins in the beating now and they land punch after punch on Dustin's face and body, by now Dustin is on the ground covered in

bruises and with a broken nose and I pretty sure I heard a snap as they started kicking him in the ribs. “No no no no” I think as the kid stops yelling in pain and is silent and in a limp mound on the ground.

—————Dustins POV————— They laugh as they beat me like it’s a fun game. The older boy who I guess his name is Steve yells and threatens the boys who now have resorted to kicking me after I collapsed in pain and I try to curl in on my self. But they don’t stop, all I feels is pain and when one kick lands particularly hard a hear a snap from my ribs and for a second the spot feels numb but then white hot pain erupts from it. I grunt which after screaming for so long is the only noise I can make. The other boy (Steve I think) yells angrily at the boys kicking me, but I can’t hear anything but my blood pounding in my head and I can’t even feel the gravel under me only agonizing pain. Then with a kick to my head I know I am finally dead (so I think).... The first thing I am aware of is pain, deep, torturous pain. I groan in agony. Suddenly I can hear, I think a hear a voice saying my name, it sounds panicked. I groan again and the voice says “please wake up Dustin, come one open your eyes” I try to open them and after what seems like forever I finally succeed. I see a blurry face and the sky which looks like the sun is setting, I wonder why I am here and who the face is. “Mom?” I try to say but comes out as another groan. I blink fast to try and clear my vision and focus. When I do I see it’s the other kid (Steve?) “Hey kid” he says, “whoa take it easy!” He puts a hand on my chest to keep me from getting up, but when he touches me it feels like a knives are stabbing my lungs and I gasp for air. The boys (Steve?) eyes go wide and he move his hand quickly saying sorry. “I...itzzz..oo-ay” I slur and edition to my usual lisp it come out horribly. “I’m Steve” he says, “oh I was right he is Steve” I think “Wha-..wha h’pp’nd?” I say confused as to why I am with a weird guy in a parking lot and why I am in such agony. “You don’t- ugh great- you must have a concussion, hmm makes sense I meant billy and Jim really went at it. Harder then they ever did the me! I can’t believe them! I mean I knew Billy’s a bully and stuff! But you- your just a kid!! I mean I thought he had SOME standards!” He rambled, which only confused me more, ‘who’s billy? Why am I here? WHATS HE TALKING ABOUT?!’ I think. He looks down at me seeing my confused face and stops talking. I try to move again but it causes sooooo much pain that my eyes go wide and I cry out in agony and I close my eyes tight. I try to breathe but my left lung won’t work and my right screams in protest ‘ugh’ I think, ‘what’s

wrong with me?’ ‘Why can’t I breathe?!’ I panic in my mind because I can’t breathe let alone talk out loud. “Hey, hey, hey!” I hear Steve say, “it’s okay buddy!” “Dustin right? I’m gonna help you to my car, you need a doctor” he says hurriedly. “Okay Dustin?” “Mmmhm” I moan out, and open my eyes only to almost pass out from the pain the dim light causes my head. “Dustin, I think you should stay awake just to be safe, ‘Kay bud?” He says sounding... worried?... hmm idk why he would be worried I’m fine right? Then I remember ‘oh shoot! I know what happened! I saw Steve getting beat up and tried to help’ ‘sheesh some help I was’ I think bitterly. ‘Oh great! Of course it happens when I have AV club!’ I was gonna go to mikes house with will and Lucas! ‘I bet they’re looking for me’ we were gonna meet at the edge of the parking lot when I heard a fight and went to look. All the sudden a new sharp pain draws me from my musing and I realize it’s cause Steve lifted me from the ground and I gasp and grunt at the pain it causes. “Oh kid I’m sorry! I have to get you to the ER though... your hurt real bad bud” Steve says and I crack the only eye that wants to work open a bit, I see his concerned and slightly bruised face looking at me when he notices me awake he looks away and I think I see guilt in his eyes. ‘Why’s he feel guilty? He didn’t punch and kick me?’ Then as he starts to walk out of the alley and towards the parking lot I hear will, mike and Lucas and mikes new girlfriend Jane, yelling my name. Then I hear will yell “DUSTIN?! What happened?!” I think the last part is directed at Steve. “Billy and his goons got him” Steve says, “are you his friends?” “Yeah, I’m will, is he gonna be able okay?” Will says and I hear more footsteps running over, ‘probably mike Lucas and eleven’ I think but I can’t open my eyes anymore and suddenly I feel my self set down on a soft cushion, ‘Steve’s car’ I think. Then the darkness takes me over and I fall unconscious.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Please is you read this don't judge me! I know it's horrible, I'm just doing it for amusement and cause I'm bored!

Dustins conciseness came back slowly, the voices pericing his blissful void of sleep.

"When do you think he'll wake up?" A boys voice, Dustin was pretty sure he knew said.

"The doctors said soon, it's just the anesthesia wearing off. Why don't y'all go home? I'll call you when he wakes up, okay?" A older female voice said, 'mom? What's she doing here? And anesthesia? What's going on?' Dustin thought confused.

"Oh okay, but promise you'll call?" The boys voice spoke again. "Yes mike, I promise I'll call you" said mrs Henderson, sounding a little amused and touched at how much her sons friend care. 'Oh yeah! It's mike, I knew I recognized him!' Dustin thought.

"Okay, bye mrs Henderson!" A voice said this time it was a different boy, sounding a little reluctant to leave but obliging.

"Bye" a few other voices said in unison, "I'll talk to you guys tomorrow, good night" mrs Henderson answered.

Footsteps recede and a door opens and closes.

Mrs Henderson sighs, she loves those kids like her own but they can be a little much, especially after all that happened today.

Dustin felt himself slipping away deeper into the dark void, 'I'll wake up tomorrow' he thought as he gave way to the impending sleep.

—that morning—

This time he woke up completely but still a little slowly.

He blinked his eyes open, then closed them quickly, 'sheesh, it felt like he was staring straight at the sun'

"Dustin? Dustin, wake up honey." His mom said, 'Ugh, why is she waking me up? I thought it was Saturday'. Dustin thought annoyed and a little confused, then the memories came rushing back like a freight car. 'Crap. Yup, I remember now' Dustin thought somewhat embarrassed that he passed out on that boy, 'hmm what was his name?' 'Stan? No...' 'stark? Definitely not, aha! Steve!' Dustin thought Triumphantlly. "Dustin?"

'Oh, yeah, I forgot moms here' Dustin remembered breaking him out of his musing.

He opened his eyes blinking fast to clear the fog, then looked to where he heard his mom.

"H-hey mom" he rasped, 'ew my voice sounds like crap' "Here sweetheart, your throat must be awfully dry." His mom said offering him a cup of water. Dustin took a few big gulps, then cleared his throat. "Thanks mom" he said, his voice almost completely normal, 'not that my voice is ever normal' Dustin thought bitterly, cursing his stupid lisp for probably the trillionth time. "Dustin? Are you okay? You're not in pain are you??? I'll call a nurse!" Mrs Henderson said sound very panicky,

"Mom, MOM! I'm fine! I was just thinking" Dustin said quickly trying to get his overprotective mom to calm down before she had the hospital convinced he was dying. Too late, a nurse was already at the door. 'Ugh' Dustin thought exasperated, he loved his mom, she's one of his best friends, but man, she's very, very, very protective. Once when he was 7 he had a bad stomach ache, but his mom convinced herself that his appendix had ruptured and rushed him to the ER only to be told he ate too much junk food. Another time was when he was 12 and he wrecked on his bike and broke his wrist, his mom acted like he was made of glass for month's after that.

"Is everything okay in here?" Said the nurse poking her head in the door.

"Yes, I'm FINE, my mom just got "excited"" Dustin said rolling his eyes, "Okay, well,

Since I'm here I'll check your stitches" said the nurse. "Stitches?? What's wrong with me?" Dustin said starting to panic a little because he completely forgot he was hurt.

"Dustin, calm down, your gonna be fine" said mrs Henderson. "You

had to have a small surgery to fix your broken rib, it punctured your lung, and you have a concussion, but you should get out of the hospital tomorrow afternoon” the nurse explained quickly, ‘surgery? Broken rib? Concussion? Wow! That’s a lot’ Dustin thought a little overwhelmed.

—30 minutes later—

The nurse left the room leaving Mrs Henderson and Dustin alone again, Dustins mom turned to him frowning slightly. “Dustin, what where you thinking? I thought I taught you not to fight?” She said, Dustins friends hadn’t told her what happened, only that he got in a fight and obviously lost. “Umm, well, I can explain mom” Dustin said knowing he was about to get lectured,

“He was helping me” a voice said from the doorway, Dustin and his mom jumped and turned to look at the newcomer. “And you are?” Mrs Henderson said, looking at the bruised young adult standing there. “I’m Steve, Dustin saw me getting beat up and came to try and help” Steve said coming to shake Dustins mother’s hand.

“Ha, some help I was” Dustin scoffed shaking his head as much as possible without making him want to vomit. “Kid, that was billy, no one has ever beat him and his goons. Especially not a 12 year old” Steve said, “I’m not twelve! I’m 14! I’m just short for my age” Dustin protested.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Steve, I believe I’ve meet your parents once or twice a few years back” Mrs Henderson said smiling at the young man, she could tell that the youth was a good kid.

“Dustin I’m gonna go get you some breakfast, I doubt you’d like the food here, want some Steve?”

“Oh, I don’t want to impose, it’s fine” Steve said quickly not wanting the seemingly kind woman to spend money on him.

“Nonsense sweetheart! Pancakes or waffles?” Dustins mom said in a gentle but firm tone that left no room to argue.

“Thank you maam, I’ll have whatever”

Steve mumbled embarrassed that someone was actually caring for him. “Can I have pancakes mom?” Said Dustin, making the other two people in the room remember he was there. “Ofc Dustin! Anything for my dusty muffin!” His mom said planting a kiss on his forehead and sweeping out of the room, leaving her son turning red with embarrassment. “Umm sorry about that... my mom gets, carried away sometimes” Dustin mumbled looking at his lap, “She acts like my

nana used to! You should have seen her one thanksgiving, invited the whole neighborhood to eat!” Steve laughed, “Wow, that might be bad but has your nana set up a restaurant for squirrels? Or come to your school on your birthday to sing?” Dustin said laughing too.

“Kid, if you said you were hungry to my nana she would cook up the whole kitchen and treat you like a king” Steve replied. They spend the rest of the time Dustins mom was gone comparing embarrassing family members.

—that afternoon—

Steve and Dustin talked the whole day and became quick friends, so when the time came for Steve to leave they both were reluctant to say goodbye.

“Sorry bud, but I gotta go, I’ll come back tomorrow, if you want that is” Steve said hoping that Dustin would agree. “Yeah! That would be awesome!” Dustin replied sound really happy.

“Okay! See ya tomorrow kid” Steve said getting up to leave, “oh, okay, yeah bye Steve” Dustin said sounding disappointed that he had to leave.

Steve told Mrs Henderson thank you and then waved and left.

“He seems nice doesn’t he Dustin?” Dustins mom said after a moment of silence, “ what? Oh! Yeah definitely! He’s cool” Dustin said sounding distracted as he fought to stay awake, exhaustion and pain meds trying to pull him away to a dark abyss. “It’s fine Dustin, go to sleep, we’re leaving tomorrow so get your rest” his mom said pulling his blanket back up to his chin.

“Okay, goodnight mom”

“Goodnight sweetheart”

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm rewatching stranger things with my mom, when
Dustin started cussing she looked personally offended
lol

Please don't judge my writing!

I know I suck at writing, I just do it because I'm
bored

Thanks for reading,

A very very bored nerd

—2 weeks later—

“Hey! Dustin, welcome back dude!” Yelled Lucas waving at his friend, today was Dustins first day back at school, he had to recover from his broken ribs and concussion. Dustin waved back smiling, he had missed going to AV club. “Hi Lucas” he called as he walked to his locker where his friends were waiting. “You good now? Not gonna die?” Asked mike, Dustin had been kinda loopy the first day or two out of the hospital, from the concussion and pain meds prescribed for his ribs. “Yep! All good now!” Dustin said grinning, he couldn't wait to go to AV club. “Since your fine now we should play D&D after school!” Said will, “sorry will, me and Steve are gonna go watch a movie after school, maybe tomorrow afternoon?” Dustin said hoping he wouldn't make his friends feel like he didn't want to play their favorite game anymore, he just really likes to hang out with Steve, they had spent a lot of time together the last two weeks, Dustin considered Steve one of his best friends. He just hoped Steve felt the same. “Oh, okay, no biggie” will said sounding just a little disappointed, will knew that Dustin and Steve were good friends and he tried not to be jealous, for two weeks he hadn't seen very much of Dustin. ‘Don't be stupid! He's still your friend! He just likes Steve Too’ will told him self.

—at Steve's house—

“STEVE!?! GET YOUR ASS UP!!” Steve's dad yelled, he had been drinking at only 7:45 AM, which was early even for him, but he had

just lost his job and was pissed. "IM COMING" Steve shouted back, rolling his eyes, his dad didn't give a crap if he was late, Steve could drop out of school and his dad wouldn't bat an eye. 'Soon as school gets out, I am outta here' Steve thought, he planned to leave Hawkins and go to Florida or California, somewhere hot he was sick of cold. And his family, no, especially his family. His dad was a drunk asshole, and his mom, well, his mom was a bitch. Steve was torn out of his thoughts by another yell from downstairs, this time though it wasn't directed at him, but from his mom at his dad. Steve moved closer to his door to eavesdrop. "HE NEVER DOES CRAP!!!" "WELL MAYBE IF YOU FORCED HIM TOO HE WOULD LISTEN". "MAYBE IF YOU RAISED HIM BETTER!!!" "SAYS THE DRUNK ASSHOLE RIGHT?!?!?"

Steve sighed, he was used to his parents arguing about him, if not with him. It was always the same thing, he was useless, he was lazy, he couldn't do anything right. "Yeah cuz they got everything right in life" Steve scoffed bitterly, soon as he got out of this state, the better. He ran downstairs, past his still arguing parents and out to his car. He planned his life once he moved in his head as he drove to school.

—that afternoon—

"Bye guys! Cya tomorrow!" Dustin yelled to his friends as he jogged across the street and to the high school where he was meeting Steve. His friends waved as they walked in the opposite direction. Dustin smiled as he breathed in the early summer air, 'only three weeks of school left!' He thought happily. "Hey Dustin! Where you going?" Steve yelled as Dustin walked right past their meeting place, too caught up in his daydreams to notice where he was walking. "Oh, sorry, I was just thinking" Dustin said smiling sheepishly at his older friend. "Okay squirt, let's go!" Steve said hopping into his rather beat up car, Dustin nodded and got in the passenger side. They drove in comfortable silence listening to the radio, as he parked Steve asked Dustin.

"Which movie? Poltergeist or jaws?"

"Jaws definitely" Dustin replied, Steve already knew that was one of his favorites. They walked to the ticket booth, paid and went in to find their seats.

—————that night at Steve's house—————

Having just dropped off Dustin Steve pulled into the street next to his house, parked and walked up to the door, he could hear his parents arguing inside and thought 'here we go, daily lecture' Steve rolled his eyes and walked in. "ALL RIGHT! FINE, BUT YOUR TELLING HIM" his mom yelled and Steve heard her storm upstairs and slam his parents bedrooms door, hard, 'sheesh, what's so bad that she didn't want to tell me?' Steve thought, usually his parents would love to berate him constantly, not caring how it effected him. "STEVE IS THAT YOU??? GET IN HERE!" His dad bellowed from the living room, he practically lived there, only getting up to get more alcohol, food, or to go to the bathroom. Steve walked in and prepared himself for a long one sided argument, he had gotten really good at tuning people out so once his dad said that they were having a "talk" he turned on deaf ears.

He started dreaming of California, going to college, get married and forgetting his parents forever.

"—stuff out by the morning" that sentence cut through his mental barrier, jerking Steve back to reality. "What?" He asked confused. "Can't even listen can you?! I said, you and your stuff needs to be gone and out of this house by morning."

"Your kicking me out?!" Steve exclaimed, sure he knew his parents didn't love him but he thought they would wait to abandon him till school was done. "ARE YOU DEAF?!?! YES ME AND YOUR MOM ARE SICK OF YOUR CRAP! NOW GET. OUT. OF. OUR. HOUSE!!" His dad screamed throwing his empty bottom the floor near Steve's feet, making him jump back.

—————one hour later—————

Steve shoved the last box into his car and slammed the door, where was he supposed to go?! He had no friends except a middle schooler, hardly any money, and it was almost 9 o'clock at night!

'Guess I'm sleeping in my car, yippee!' Steve thought sarcastically, getting in and driving to the park downtown. Tomorrow he would figure it out.

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't wait till season 4 of Stranger things!!!! My mom (after she got over the cussing) likes the show too yay!

The first time I watched stranger things I went through the seasons to fast, this time I'm watching slower lol THIS IS A SHORT CHAPTER I was just tired and couldn't think very good at the time

Thanks for reading!!! ☐☐☐

——that afternoon, at Hawkins middle school——

Steve slept in later then he intended so he had to wait till Dustin was out of school to tell him, Steve had decided what he was going to do when he realized that he /hadn't/ helped anyone in anyway ever! 'I can't believe I'm saying this but, dad was right, I don't help or do anything useful' Steve thought bitterly shaking his head. He was sitting in his car outside of Hawkins middle school, waiting for Dustin to come out, Steve had to say goodbye to his one and only friend, Steve thought of Dustin as his best friend, but it's stupid, he told himself. 'The kid only likes you cuz your older and have a car' just then Dustin walked out of the school doors, smiling and laughing at something one of his friends said (mark? Mike?) . 'Dang, hate to ruin the kids good mood, but I gotta' Steve said as he jumped out of his car and made his way through the sea of younger and shorter kids. "Hey Dustin!" He yelled to get his middle schooler friends attention. "Oh, hi Steve! What are you doing here?" Dustin said turning to look at Steve, not noticing how his friends kept walking without him. "Umm, I gotta talk to you" Steve said nervously, "oookay? What's up?" Dustin asked watching his older friend fidget as they walked to Steve's car. "Whoa! Steve what's with ball the crap I'm your car?" Dustin exclaimed as he stared at the mess of boxes in the beat up car. "Yeeeah, about that, okay, I got kicked out of my house, I have no place to live and-and I'm joining the marines" Steve rushed out, just wanting to get it over with. Dustins eyes grew wide as he replied "why?"

“Why? Uh well because my parents were sick of me I guess” Steve shrugged. “But-but why are you joining the marines? That’s dangerous! You could die! Ohmygosh you could be shot or-or exploded!!” Dustin rambled. “Dustin, Dustin! I’m NOT gonna die! Okay? I just feel like I should” Steve said placing a hand on the younger kids shoulder, “when do you leave?” Dustin asked. “Umm yeaah, I kinda am leaving today....” Steve replied sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck. “WHAT?! TODAY?!” Dustin exclaimed, starting to freak out. “Dustin it’s fine, I’ll come back in a few years, I’ll be fine!”

“Will you write to me?”

“Ofc Dustin! Why wouldn’t I?” Steve said looking at his friend like he was crazy,

“Idk.. I just thought..-never mind” Dustin said quickly. “Okay, I’m sorry but I have to go to catch the plane...” Steve said,

“Oh. Okay. Bye Steve..” Dustin replied sadly waving as Steve got in his car.

“Bye Dustin, I’ll call or write to you as soon as I can, promise.” He said as he started the car to drive away, leaving Hawkins, his family and his friend behind.